

cut through algae
(where brown ants
have run
undisturbed for two years
unseen
by anyone).

Silhouette

Three small trees, undone
by heavy August: one
moon hard enough to diminish stars.

He stands outside the car
struggling with a prophylactic.
Inside, she shuts her eyes
leans her head back on the seat
thinks unmothered images colored
by what she dials (lefthanded)
on the radio.

suddenly one glare down this black road
bifurcates into loud lights that reach,

while he leans on the car
and lights a cigarette, his back
to the coolmetaled door
and low music of her.
He smokes until the stark car
moves phantom by: the periphery
of its light slams past
with a silent jar.

-- Don Eulert

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Another Context

Imagine in Dylan Thomas's
seeing logs
cracking in fire

Or sun on the oaken beams
at the Cummings'

And walking into Burns's
and seeing on that table
water in a cup.

-- Louis McCarty

Arlington, Virginia